

LODGE HOUSE.
Going, from dawn to dusk,
The sapphire skies
While golden stars
Light from sea below
T. "go and purple and red—
Doubt out from the sea of
Tems.
(Pain, the storm-wind's
Space, a lonesome place.
And unknown,
Love and care
To a home united
There are no more here
Ring to have been unknown
But the sea of life,
Phis, but passion, the storm-wind's
Clouds, but the sea of life,
Wet, out to a shore,
San Fran forevermore.

LAGUE OF HIS LIFE.

BY ETTIE ROGERS.

Anger has done nothing
Outside you, I annoy me ever
Someday I am sick in school, three
An unattended
Life was so
Lift her up to wish, Carrie, you
Grief and my sight. She
Lost, Long life of my life.

She cries, looks pleased
Pleasantly reading, her
Fleek, marking the place
She was interrupted by her
She was interrupted by her
Show helpful speech.

Less, Fred, what has the
Bid all now?" she inquired.

Teach her, pale, grave face
Teach little, and a half-con-

Turned, an expression came into his

She eyes.

That is the young vanda's
That, however, in the imper-

Oh! I," he said, with a short
Shop of chagrin, as he pushed

Her a big volume of some
And a big book, and turned the

Do not
Scorn, had been sketched an
seen
Portrait of himself, sit-
drous familiar and scholarly
App. in his leather chair be-
She library-table—an elegant
Only in hanging ungraciously
Now share shoulders—and the
Outside, supported a Webster
No, lead clutching an untidy
Te of hair. It was too con-
Note a resemblance to be
ing, and altogether too
caricature; the dexter.

Facil had not in the least
Wocated the peculiarities of
wick Ives, for he had his
A, just as we all have, if we
to admit the fact.

is an amazing likeness of
of wick, Fred," was his sister's
laughing comment.

"Possibly," he returned, in
a half mortified, half angry
manner; "and I dare say it may
be good for a man to see himself
occasionally as 'others' see him.
But this sort of embellishment is
not precisely desirable in a val-
uable book of science. Jessie
is becoming quite too
nichievous, Carrie; and I fear
you cannot provide a home
elsewhere for her, I shall feel com-
pelled to leave you."

"Oh, Fred!" the gentle lady
ried, in dismay. "Surely you
cannot mean that? Jessie must
stay with me while she is
minor and remains unmarried,
if you would be less captious
at her, perhaps she would be
suitable to you. You treat
Right if she were a vixen, and
Thinks it by being vexingly as
in, but that is a woman's
waves' suppose," she added,
dising.

"I know nothing about women
and their ways," he answered
simply.

"But you could try to win
her over again," Fred, "she re-
mained coquettishly.

all down her like," he repeated
a strange, harsh voice. "You
iggest what is impossible. Car-
ie—it is only too obvious that
your protégé detects me."

Just then a dark, swift som-
ing rushed past the window
side. It was only a hand-
one, smiling girl riding a superb
black horse rapidly up the grav-
path toward the stables; but
he sight Carrie uttered a quick
of surprise and amazement,
the man started to his feet,
features ashy and his limbs
steed.

"I advised Jessie not to ride at
all. I forbade her going near
that horse," he exclaimed, after a
long incredulous stare at the com-
posed rider and admirably behaved
animal. "I wonder she is not
killed."

"She has subjugated your
horse, Fred just as she manages
to subjugate every thing which
closes her," the lady said, ad-
ding. "Observe her and allow
her cleverness. She has meta-
morphosed my old black cloth-
ite into a really pretty habit;
the characteristic ingenuity she
has ranged your saddle to suit
her seat; and she has utilized
the best silk hat, Fred—it be-
hilt her, too, with that bit of
green gauze about the tall
cap."

"We detect anything manly in
her," Fred declared, crossly;
glowering from his leather chair,
sourly the gentleman had
the house. He ife
enced very little peace since
and adverse girl of 17—that in-
action of audacity and with-
had evaded the tranquil
batory home of his indulgent
sister. If he wished a
fle season of particular quietude
in the tinkle of the piano and a
gently sweet voice would
through the house. He ife
whetted his labored notes upon
a more especially favored his-
or poetical work, his
munity would be disturbed
from and pertinent interpola-

What his own wit had never
existed. If he attempted any
adventure, she would blunt
her with a pun and defy
by an ingenious repara-

she might disconcert him
and challenge his senti-

as; she wore the colors, the
gems she knew he
disliked; and she was in-
the league of his life.

cluding the you always wear the
mails, will suffering.

topaz, Miss Evelyn?" he asked
her later that day.

He had glanced up with a
ready drawn at the exquisite
brunette face, perceiving only the
yellow gem he whimsically ab-
minated glittering in her coal-black
hair and amid the white faces on
her bosom.

"As an amulet," she replied
quickly, merrily and meaningly.
"It is a preservative against
your know."

The speech was not quite civil;
the laughing glance of her big
black eyes was saucy and significant; but her manner was the
perfection of innocent playfulness.

Fred's frowning face crimsoned.
"What monster of iniquity
would wish to harm so gentle
and gracious a lady?" he retorted,
with ungentle irony.

She regarded him for a moment
with a curiously intent and question-
ing look, before which his
composure suddenly changed;
suddenly, he seemed defensive
rather than aggressive, as one
who feared his own weakness
rather than the strength of the
enemy.

Perhaps she discerned something
in his uneasiness that she
willfully declined to understand;

perhaps she comprehended a pain
that thrilled her more than she
cared to acknowledge, for she
too, had changed.

"Mr. Ives," she began at length,
with a singular new splendor in
her sweet smile and a singular
new sweetness in her voice, "any
sarcasm is absurd between us,
which is a stoppage quite short
of the nearest beginning."

"But if he is liberal in his
views," added Marcus, "it is the
beginning of all that has no end."

"We open the mind largely to
the sense of such a gospel,"
continued Herman. "There is
much better always, even if be
disagreeable. I am perfectly
aware that you detest me; that
everything I do displeases or annoy-
you. You have given me an
abundant proof of your dislike,
and never yet vouchsafed to me
a kindness nor a courtesy. It is
you who are ungentle, you who are
ungracious. Why are so? I may
not inquire, but I shall
implore our dear Carrie to send
me away, and trust that you may
never again be afflicted with the
presence of so luckless a person
as myself."

And while he marveled if this
new amiability, this charming
combination of humility and dignity,
were sincere or a snare, she
had gone, leaving him somewhat
bewildered and wholly uncomfortable.

"I have a mind to try the sub-
jugated black horse myself," he
thought presently, as he noted a
gleam of a white dress and an
amber scarf among the trees up
a long shady road.

But the black horse had not
been subjugated for Fred's pleasure,
evidently. The mettle that
had been obedient to the slightest
command of one dainty, daring
girl had not been tamed for his
control.

Jessie, pausing by the pleasant
way, was suddenly startled by
the unsteady tramp of hoofs,
and looked up to behold the un-
manageable animal galloping
toward her. The next instant
he tossed his vicious head aloft
and reared on his haunches; sim-
ultaneously the saddle-girth
snapped asunder, and the un-
fortunate rider was precipitated
upon the level sward almost at
her very feet.

"But," said Victor, "it is said
modern free-thought leads to
all sorts of views—I might say
that of the mind.—FANNY DRISCOLL.

Dear Old Mother.

Clothes Eye.]

Honor the dear old mother.
Time has scattered her on
her brow, pillowed deep fur-
rows on her cheeks, but is she
not sweet and beautiful now?

The lips are thin and sunken;
but those are the lips that have
kissed many a hot tear from
childish cheeks, and they are the
sweetest lips in all the world.

The eye is dim, yet it ever glows
with the soft radiance of love,
which can never fade. Ah,
yes, she is a dear old mother.

The sands of life are nearly
run out, but feeble as she is,
she will go farther and reach down
lower for you than others upon
earth. You cannot walk into a
midnight where she cannot see
you; you cannot enter a prison
whose bars will keep her out;
you cannot mount a scaffold too
high for her to reach, that she
may kiss and bless you in evidence
of her deathless love. When the
world will despise and forsake,
when it leaves you by the wayside
to the unnoticed, the dear old
mother will gather you in her
arms and never commission
any but you to care for her.
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you to care for her.

"But," said Marcus, "I have
one fault to find: As Emerson
views its own opinions with
severe questionings. It also asks,
Why run after success? Success
should be cosmic, a new creation,
not any trick orfeat; as for
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